

# QUIET WATERS

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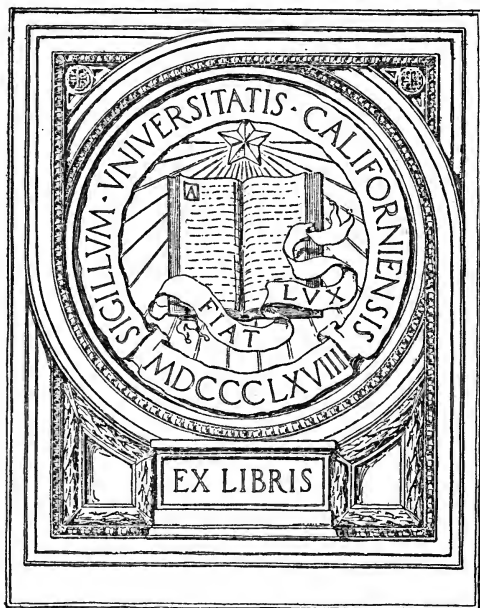


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BLANCHE  
SHOEMAKER  
WAGSTAFF

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# QUIET WATERS



# QUIET WATERS

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BY

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

Author of

"Eris," "Atys," "Alcestis," "Narcissus,"  
"The Book of Love," etc, etc.

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NEW YORK  
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*English Grammar*

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## *A Word of Introduction*

**B**LANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF does not aspire to the epic theme and the grand manner. She essays the heart warm human themes, themes that appeal, perhaps, to a wider audience.

I notice that some of the poems are in the traditional form. Others are in the free form that the precisionists would take to be only the preliminary sketches of poems. But I am willing to let a poet bring her beauty in the loose structure of the meadow lark's nest as well as in the orderly pack of the oriole's pocket. All I ask is that the poet shall have a singing bird in any nest she brings.

Blanche Wagstaff does not ride against life with leveled lance, crying a bitter challenge to the scheme of things: she comes with a wistful questioning of existence, or with quiet acceptance of the decrees of Fate. So we frequently find her at home in her lyric garden, recording the moods of the hour, telling of sight and sound and fragrance and flight of wing. She feels—

"A kinship with the force of earth, the thrill  
That comes with Nature's sweetest intimacy,  
Some premonition of Eternity."

Or again she muses over the mystery

"In every little seed that springs—  
The incommensurate wonder,  
The miracle of life issuing from the womb of earth."

But love is the high enduring note in this little book—love for the beloved, love for native land, love for the wonder of nature, love for the hero in battle, love for the mystery of life and the mystery of death. In many moods and meters, Blanche Wagstaff sings of the love of a man for a maid—sings of the glad welcome, of the wild reluctance, of the happy communion, of the tender farewell. She sings also of the renunciation of love:

"I will go out and forget love and be as a bird in  
the sky,  
Free with the soaring breezes and the clouds that  
wander by.  
I will go out and forget love and be as a bird in  
the sky."  
"I will go out in the wide lands alone in endless space  
Where the earth is ablaze with splendour and I kneel  
in the sun's embrace;  
I will go out in the wide lands alone in endless  
space."

Exquisitely simple, as if a rose were bowed by a spray of rain, is her brief lyric, Pan—brief but perfect:

"Out of my tears  
Comes forth my song.  
Pan is blowing  
Sweet and long.

"Out of my pain—  
The lyric-start;  
(Fruitful is  
A broken heart!)"

Again we feel the touch of the true  
magic in Voices: Villa Pliniana:

"Voices are crying in the street  
And rainbow-sandalled day is passing by.

"The clamor sinks into my heart,  
And I fall thinking of another hour  
When thunder voices thro' the drooping trees  
Filled the pale violet afternoon  
In Italy.

"We were together, you and I,  
Beneath the fragrant trellised shade,  
Watching the slow rain silvering the sky,  
Your face was like a delicate white rose  
Drooping against my cheek."

Here is a picture that pleases; but still  
more delightful is that delicate cadence,  
that dying fall, in those silvery words—  
"the pale violet afternoon in Italy."

Here finally, is one of her somber  
notes sounding out of an hour when she  
is thinking of the last tavern toward  
which we are all journeying:

"Yea, I shall be at rest who had to bear  
Beauty too keen and pain that had no end . . .  
Earth will have taken me again to friend."

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff has  
made a serious study of the great art of  
poetry. She is a growing woman, a  
greatening poet. It is pleasant to speed  
her on her way up the rose-hung slopes  
of Helicon.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Staten Island, N. Y.,  
December, 1919.





## QUIET WATERS

OUR lives float on quiet waters. . . .

Down softly flowing streams,  
Where silvery willows  
Shadow calm waves.  
Gentle bird-songs  
And murmuring freshets  
Leap from the woodland  
In snowy circlets.  
Green embowers us,  
And fragrant mosses,  
Spicy odors  
That drift in the languid  
Swaying breezes. . . .

Our lives float on quiet waters. . . .

And my Love and I  
Wonder at twilight,  
When flaming banners  
Spread in the heavens,  
How long this Beauty—  
This stately silence . . .  
E'er once again we shall drift  
On the turbulent, open sea . . .

## FRIEZE

WOMEN waiting. . . .

I would like to make a bronze frieze of  
women waiting. . . .

Beneath shady trees, in crowded cities,  
In quiet homes by lamplight  
At sickbeds,  
And in silent churches kneeling . . .

Women waiting. . . .

Eternally waiting  
For the child in the womb,  
For the lover's footstep,  
For the husband at nightfall,  
For the son returned from battle.

Women waiting—

Patient, anxious, maternal—

Oh, I would like to make a bronze frieze of  
this watchful motherhood!

## VISITATION

I have been silent  
And my heart has been very lonely—  
But always Beauty came  
A golden well in the desert . . .

I have been full of sorrow  
And heavy pain.  
But always Beauty came  
A voice in the darkness.

I have trod the valleys  
Where there was only shadow.  
But always Beauty came  
A tip of flame over the mountain.

## GARMENTS

YOUTH is slipping from me . . .

Like a golden garment a girl slips softly  
from her cool body.

Daily I see the changes . . .

Changes like the sky when autumn comes  
and twilight quickens suddenly.

There is silver in my hair . . .

Hair that was tawny and shimmering like  
meadow grass stroked by sunlight.

My laughter no longer has the same ring . . .

The old, girlhood ring that rippled before  
Sorrow stooped to me.

Nor is my body firm and supple . . .

Supple as a lad's it used to be, and there was  
lustre in the flesh, and muscle.

Youth is slipping from me . . .

Like a golden garment a girl slips slowly  
from her cool body . . .

## COLUMNS

THERE are sorrows  
Greater than death . . .  
There is grief  
Deeper than the sting of parting.

It is when Life  
Is cold  
Like a marble column by the sea,  
And Love  
Stands silent  
As a sepulchre.

## “THIS ONE HOUR”

I will forget Sorrow this one hour . . .  
And watch the moon rise in a silvery  
shower  
Over the mountains. I will fare  
Quietly forth on the tranquil evening air  
Fragrant with laurel-scent  
And pine.  
Knowing God meant  
That Beauty and Content  
Should this one hour be mine!

## AWE

**T**HE Beauty of life  
Awes me with its loveliness. . . .  
Silver-sandalled dawn,  
Rustling leaves in the wind,  
Meadows radiant with flowers,  
Terraced gardens and green boughs  
Mirrored in dark pools.  
Ivy on ruined towers,  
Mountains crowned by cloud,  
Moonlight on the sea  
And waterfalls at twilight . . .

The beauty of life  
Awes me with its loveliness . . .

## PROCESSION

THE mystery which is sublime  
In every little seed that springs!  
The incommensurate wonder,—  
The miracle of life issuing from the womb of  
the earth  
Resurgent, ever-renewing plenitude  
Of perennial Spring; of flowers, of fruit, of  
trees  
That rise from a little seed.

Seeds, dry, colorless, shapeless, almost im-  
perceptible,  
Bearing within their infinitesimal hearts  
Resplendent decorations for the earth;  
Life miraculous, majestic, perpetual,  
Uprising from tiny seedlings,—  
Fragile little nuclei of Eternity . . .

Life, (the God-breath over all)  
Marvellous handicraft of Invisible Forces,  
Mystery converging, illimitable, unvanquish-  
able . . .  
Even so from the fusion of lover's em-  
braces—  
From the flame of human passion  
Issues the endless procession  
Of generations . . .



“BEAUTY LIKE DAWN SHED OVER ME”

THE mountain crest against the sky.  
(O transient little atom I . . .)

The clouds majestic as they pass.  
(And I am but the swaying grass.)

The wind in lofty music sings  
(And I am but of earthly things . . .)

The giant trees aloft on high  
Seem mingling with the misty sky—

The sun is like a golden frieze—  
Thank God for Beauty such as these,

Beauty like dawn shed over me  
Symbol of my immortality . . .

## CONTRASTS

A CRIPPLE hobbling in the sunlight.  
(Blooming alleys of roses.)

Two hooded nuns walking under an umbrella.  
(Bees sipping honey from the cups of  
flowers.)

Children romping in a daisy field.  
(Long lines of black carriages following a  
hearse to a cemetery.)

Lovers strolling hand in hand under the  
trees.  
(A victrola screeching from an open win-  
dow.)

An old lady knitting on a veranda.  
(A woman in childbirth in the room above.)

A beautiful girl riding in a crimson limou-  
sine.  
(A gaunt-faced doctor driving a wobbly  
runabout.)

Flowered meadows spreading over the earth.  
(And darkness waiting to consume the sun-  
light.)

## MUSIC

**F**RAGRANT green boughs  
Murmuring on the June air  
Under a rain-silvered sky.  
There is no music sweeter  
Than the rustle of trees in the wind . . .

Like cadences of clear water rippling,  
The soft music of many leaves  
Is the melody of a thousand lyres . . .  
Rustle of boughs in the wind—  
There is no harmony sweeter to me  
Than fragrant green trees  
Murmuring on the June air.

## TWILIGHT

THE sombre beauty of twilight  
Stirs me to strange musing . . .  
The cool air stabbing my cheek,  
And the west murky with clouds.  
Darting silvery birds scurry through the  
shadows  
Where proud red poppies flaunt in stately  
gardens.  
Glimmer of snowy marble and terraced  
niches,  
Pathways sumptuous with rhododendron,  
And white syringa, tremulous, swaying  
In the voluptuous wind . . .  
Iris, ghostly pale in the alleys,  
And peonies, arrogant, crimson, sparkling.  
The sombre beauty of twilight  
Stirs me to strange musing . . .  
The silence fills me with wonder,  
The shadows straying like lover's caresses,  
The wind stroking the flowers,  
And night creeping with winding fingers,  
Dewy and ebon, cinctured by stars . . .  
The sombre beauty of twilight  
Stirs me to strange musing . . .  
Love! Death! Truth!  
What are you?  
This diaphanous mystery about me,  
Passional twilight, silence, green splendor—  
Is this not the breath Eternal,  
Is this not the Ultimate answer—  
Infinite Beauty  
Flooding my finite soul . . .

## CITY SKETCH

**H**URRYING masses of people,  
Eager, weary-eyed, self-conscious,  
Swarming the city streets,  
Tawdry, absurd in fluttering fabric.  
Girls, red-mouthed, angular,  
Mincing in high-heeled slippers,  
With hips uncorseted;  
Men, gray-faced, gaunt-limbed, hulking,  
Striding ungainly with hurried gait;  
Children, pallid, nervous,  
Swiftly passing on silent errands.  
Anxious faces, and passionate faces,  
Sinister faces, and lonely faces,  
Smiling faces, and sad, piteous faces  
Marked with the furrows of age.

Monstrous hot-house of humanity!  
City, swarming with struggling people—  
Millions,—oppressed, tired, seeking,  
Toiling grimly for what invisible goal,  
What dream of hidden desire?  
Groping, yearning baffled multitudes  
Missing the magic touch of Beauty—  
Consume Beauty aloof in the silence . . .

## SLEEP

SLEEP!

Orchards of amethyst and perfumed  
boughs,  
Elysium of myrtle and jasmine,  
Willows that sing at the borders of shining  
lakes  
Alabaster with lilies.  
Skies of opal,  
And floating on the air  
Voices of many nightingales.

Divine Sleep!  
Perfect beatitude,  
Ravishing philtre,  
What beautiful visions dwell in your midst,  
Friend! Lover! Comforter!  
You alone are faithful.

## RAY

**L**ET my life be a sparkling ray  
Of cool water, toward the sky . . .  
White, from a fountain's depths  
And pure . . .

So that all who gaze upon it may say:  
"Lo! her life mounts heavenward  
Even as the wind."  
For there is no Beauty  
Like unto clear water  
Against the sky. . . .

## MAY NIGHT

NIGHT! cool, enveloping, delicious,  
Perfumed, magical night of Spring--  
Fold your arms about my lover and me  
Till we hide in your sheltering darkness.

Night, radiant with many stars,  
Sky, mother of pearl and azure,  
Let your silence descend on my lover and me  
That we may dwell in sylvan quiet.

Night, fragrant with new grass and lilac,  
Pool of endless shadows,  
Bathe with joy my lover and me  
Till we sink in the wreathéd wavelets.

Night,—cool, enveloping, delicious,  
O mother of Love, mistress of beauty,  
Give of your darkness, wherein we would  
perish  
Drunken with dreams, my lover and me.



## DUST AND SHADOW

**D**UST and shadow . . .  
Life and Love and Laughter  
And pale Death . . .

Dust that is golden . . .  
Life and love like gleaming sunlight  
And laughter rippling, rippling.

Shadow that is diaphanous,  
Silver-woven, dancing shadow,  
And Death that hovers always, waiting. . . .

## QUERY

**W**HEN I see a cripple hobbling by me in  
the sunlight  
I wonder why God  
Gave the gift of Life,  
And Beauty,  
When its companions are  
Sorrow  
And deformity.

## CAPTIVE

I AM a captive . . .

Not a moment am I free of domination.  
Each morn I awaken the thought of my servitude terrifies me.

Each evening the sun fades I am overwhelmed by my martyrdom.

Each hour I sleep I am pursued by the image of my tyranny.

Each bird song evokes a realization of my enslavement,

Each bud that withers on the bough,

Each leaf that flutters in the wind,

Each ray of dawn upon the sea

Reveals to me my imprisonment . . .

I am terrified by the shadow of my Guardian.

He stands hidden in every pathway

His lips sucking at my throat

The dark Master who never forsakes me—

The Grave . . .

## AGE

ALONE in the pale glow of the coals,  
The fire is dead.  
Rain weeps at the window  
And the ghosts of my vanished youth  
Dance in the shadows . . .

Murmur of the sea on the distant shore.  
The night is black.

All the beautiful moments of my life—  
What meaning have they now?

Love that was mine,  
Roses once blooming,  
White hands I caressed,  
Fair breasts of women,  
Dreams and hopes that I cherished,  
Joys that I clasped—  
What meaning have they now?

Alone in the pale glow of the coals.  
Alone in the immensity of age,  
Alone in the vast solitude of Thought.  
Nought but the presence of God envelops me  
Tenderly like the caress of a beloved.  
We are alone, we two, God and I . . .

## MONA LISA

**B**EAUTIFUL Girl,  
With large mild eyes  
Full of wonder and dream.  
Were you not made to be loved  
In some dim woodland  
Where there are no stars?  
Your glance is like twilight  
When the west is stained with silver . . .

Dream-haunted, magical Girl!  
When you look at me  
I see the gray dusk  
Of Italian evenings,  
For your face has all the beautiful sorrow  
Of da Vinci's Mona Lisa . . .

## I HAVE KNOWN ALL

I HAVE known all. . . .

Passion, pain, great shame and sorrow,  
And joy to the uttermost.

Yet I am not appeased!

For I would know it all over again,

Fuller, keener, intenser than before—

The pain, the shame and the great sorrow,  
Until there would be

No more knowing . . .

## FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS

**I** SHALL miss you, Friends,  
Vast peace of the towering green,  
Silent hosts of my dream,  
For your great woodlands  
Have shared the secrets of my heart.

I shall miss you, Friends,  
For you have been faithful unto me  
And through the long violet hours  
We have kept vigil together.

I shall miss you, Friends—  
No comrades will I have on the windy shore  
Where the sea-mists fly.  
And I shall pass lonely  
Forever mourning your silent Beauty . . .

## FUTURE

**F**UTURE, nebulous, unseen, alluring,  
What tumultuous joy,  
What unknown tears,  
What gifts have you in store for me . . .

Future, shadowy, stupendous, impenetrable,  
What tenderness have you to bestow upon  
me,  
What passionate pain,  
What Beauty will you awaken upon my way?

Future, sovereign, omniscient —  
Will you render me peace?  
Or grant me sufficient years  
To re-live all the beautiful moments of my  
Youth.



## HOPE

**H**OPE, an iris-flower  
Risen in the dawn . . .  
Wistful and fair  
As a girl's face,  
Shimmering alabaster  
Amidst the green.  
Inviolatè and calm,  
She sheds upon the world  
A fairy radiance.

## FEAR

**F**EAR—a hooded gnome—  
Dark-browed and sinister  
Stalks in the background of life,  
Clutching at the throat of lovers,  
Clouding the sunlight,  
Shadowing the stars.  
Mystical, demonic,  
Slaying with poisoned breath  
Man's dearest dreams . . .

## OCTOBER

**R**AIN . . .

The soft voice of the rain  
Sings of autumn and falling leaves  
And the immortal beauty of death.

The sea is gray mist.  
The sky is pale.  
Withered boughs crackle in the wind  
And birds fly in silence.

Rain . . .

But my heart re-enters its secret life,  
Throwing wide again  
The shining portals of Memory.

## IMPRESSION

**L**IKE spears of flame  
The poppies flare  
Their scarlet heads to the sky,  
Boldly, radiantly glowing,  
Silken petals blowing in the wind  
Splashes of bright blood  
Against the yellow-green of the May  
meadows.

The clustered hedge  
A leafy wall encircling,  
Spotted with snow-white blossoms  
That crawl through green niches.

In a marble urn  
Of amber water  
A bird, with ruby bosom  
Flutters and bathes,  
Defiantly chirping.  
A cool wind from the sea  
Ripples softly the stately iris,  
Quince buds and scarlet poppies.

Red, red, red,  
Like blood is my garden,  
Geranium, peony, poppy  
Sweet william, salvia, gladiola,  
Rose and hawthorn  
Girdled with white iris,  
Alabaster in the sunlight.

## COMEDY

CONTRASTS of life—

I, sitting here on a bench under a green  
tree

Writing verses in praise of Beauty—

And beside me

Two ragged men chewing tobacco

And plotting to overthrow

The Government.

## TIME

TIME, fugitive, cruel—

Stay your flight in this impalpable instant!

Stay that I may drink deeply into my soul  
The beauty of this hour!

The flash of a golden butterfly—  
Falling water piercing shadow—  
Sudden storm bursting white cloud—  
Such is this moment.

Stay! Stay! O, Time in your flight,  
Extinguish not the rapture  
Of this sublime hour . . .

## WINTER EVENING

**D**ARKNESS.

Silence that weeps in my heart.  
Ashes in the grate and the cry of a lonely  
bird at the window.  
Trees that shiver in the wind.

Darkness . . .

And Youth passing, passing—

To listen and hear no footstep. . . .

## “I WILL TAKE THE LONE PATH”

I WILL take the lone path  
That leads from the sea. . . .  
The dark path on the hill  
That winds eternally.

I will take the still way,  
The quiet way and long,  
Where there is neither laughter  
Love or song. . . .

And though I take the dark lane  
Within the cypress-gloom,  
I know there waits me somewhere  
April's scented bloom!



## CITIES

MY heart dreams of cities—  
Cities by the sea . . .  
Athens with its cypress shade,  
Spires in Italy.

Ravenna, wooded, stately,  
Where the church-bells chime.  
Venice, blue, bewitching  
In the summertime.

Corfu, fairy island,  
Orange-groves in flower.  
Cairo's sapphire minarets  
In the twilight hour.

Tunis' golden streetways—  
Mosques against the skies,  
Where Sahara's desert  
Mirrors the moonrise.

Algiers' terraced gardens  
Gleaming like the snow,  
The Atlas mountains purple  
In the sunset glow.

Gibraltar, gray and rockbound,  
Where the gulls soar free.  
Naples with its fiery crown,  
Taormina's templed lea.

My heart dreams of cities—  
Cities by the sea. . . .  
In Tuscany and Provence,  
In fabled Thessaly.

Cities, you have been my friends—  
You call across the blue,  
Can I hear your voices,  
And not go to you? . . .

## BLUE NIGHT

**B**LUE night falls  
About me in a mute caress  
Of loveliness.  
And the wind calls  
In sudden minstrelsy  
From every tree.  
I want no more than this—  
The wind's kiss  
And the nightfall over me.

When silence sends  
Its gentle lore,  
And youth is o'er,  
I want no more  
Than when life ends,  
The stars should vigil keep  
On my eternal sleep,  
And there should be  
The wind's kiss and the nightfall over me.

## VOICES: VILLA PLINIANA

VOICES are crying in the street  
And rainbow-sandalled day is passing  
by. . . .

The clamor sinks into my heart,  
And I fall thinking of another hour  
When thunder-voices through the drooping  
trees  
Filled the pale violet afternoon  
In Italy. . . .

Cypress-shadows trembled on the lake,  
Green mountains arched into the sky,  
And nightingales  
Swept through the languid air,  
And twilight tipped the butterflies with  
flame.

And singing, singing through the palace  
walls  
A waterfall, like the great voice of God. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

We were together, you and I,  
Beneath the fragrant trellised shade,  
Watching the slow rain silvering the sky.  
Your face was like a delicate white rose  
Drooping against my cheek.

“For Life, for Death,” you said.  
And sweet the echo of your words  
Was borne upon the wind  
In Italy. . . .

Today I sit and think of you  
Hearing again the waterfall  
Singing, singing like the great voice of  
God. . . .

“JOY HAS COME UNTO MY DOOR”

**J**OY has come unto my door  
Tremulous and fair  
With shining hair—  
The old, old Joy is here once more,  
Laughing and flame-arrayed—  
And I am half afraid.

Joy has come unto my door  
Again  
After long pain,  
The old, old Joy is here once more,  
Whom I had mourned as dead,  
And now she comes with sweet arms  
spread.

Joy has come unto my door. . . .  
I heard her call—  
Her soft footfall  
Is here once more—  
And oh, her wondrous beauty made  
My heart afraid. . . .

## KINSHIP

**L**YING face downward in the sweet-scented  
grass,

My eyes deep buried in the soothing ground,  
My senses keen to every little sound,  
Hearing the stately darkness rise and pass—

Light is obscured in the delicious dark,  
My heartbeats stilled in silent reverence  
And ecstasy is mine—the vivid sense  
Of life, as in the song of some late lark,—

A kinship with the force of earth . . . the  
thrill

That comes with Nature's sweetest inti-  
macy—

Some premonition of Eternity—

Lying within the grasses lone and still. . . .

## FROM THE WEEHAWKEN FERRY

O NIGHT, so still and calm and blue,  
Why am I not a part of you?

O Dark, so deep and mild and fair  
Enfold me in your ebon hair.

O Night, serene and still and blue  
Your peace alone is pure and true,

Man is but frail, his joy unsure,  
While your great beauty is secure,

Rest upon earth I cannot find  
Tossed ever by the inconstant wind,

Nor is there shelter for my soul  
That walks from misty shoal to shoal.

O Night, so still and calm and blue  
I would I were a part of you!



## SONG OF FREEDOM

**I** WILL go out and forget Love and be as a  
bird in the sky,  
Free with the soaring breezes and the clouds  
that wander by;  
I will go out and forget Love and be as a bird  
in the sky!

I will go out in the wide lands alone in end-  
less space  
Where the earth is ablaze with splendour,  
and I kneel in the sun's embrace.  
I will go out in the wide lands alone in endless  
space!

I will go out and forget Love as the wild wind  
in the sky,  
And be as a bird without bourne or kin or  
aught to hold me by—  
I will go out and forget Love as the wild wind  
in the sky!

PAN

**O**UT of my tears  
Comes forth my song.  
(Pan is blowing  
Sweet and long.)

Out of my pain—  
The lyric-start;  
(Fruitful is  
A broken heart!)

## “I SHALL GROW OLD”

**I** SHALL grow old and all this summer  
bloom

Will wither from me as an elm in Fall  
That pales beneath inevitable doom—

The sorry end eventual.

And all life's singing flame will dwindle  
cold—

I shall grow old!

I shall grow old; and all my heart's glad fire

Will ebb away as sun-tipped waves at sea.

O there will be an end of all desire

Of song and ecstasy—

My beauty but a bell no longer tolled,

I shall grow old.

O must it be—this sad embittering end,

This dimming of life's shining wonder-  
light?

Or will Age come to me as gentle friend

To fold me in the night . . .

I wonder will the hours fall still and cold

When I am old . . .

## SPRING FLOWERS

**P**OPPY, mignonette and pea  
You are beautiful to see.

Crimson, pink, and burnished hue  
O but I am glad of you!

Yet my heart goes wondering  
At the sadness of the Spring . . .

At the magic golden door  
Which is closed forevermore.

For there is a step I wait  
Which will come not, early, late—

And there is a voice once dear  
Which I nevermore will hear.

And my heart goes wondering  
At the sadness of the Spring . . .

## MY GARDEN

MY garden is a fairy place  
Waiting for his perfect face.  
Every little nodding flower  
Is expectant of the hour  
When his feet shall pass this way  
In the twilight of the day.

Every bud that softly sways  
Gently to its neighbor says:  
“He is coming very soon  
With the golden crescent moon  
We shall see his shadow fall”—  
Beauty hovering over all!

Not a moment but the bliss  
Of his coming quickened is;  
Such a premonition of  
Joy that seems shed from above,—  
Melody that soon will sing,  
Which my lover’s voice will bring!

Eager for the happy hour  
Is each sunny tinted flower,  
For the birds, and buds that grow  
And the fragrant winds that blow  
Wait but for his perfect face  
In this fairy resting-place!

## SO QUIETLY LOVE CAME

SO quietly love came  
I did not hear his name  
Thro' the night.  
Only silence fell  
Like a starry spell  
Of light.

There was no caroling  
Of bird or trumpet-flare.  
Only on the air  
The sudden burst of Spring,  
And in my heart a flame,—  
(So quietly love came! . . .)

## HANDS THAT I LOVED . . .

**H**ANDS that I loved long years ago—  
Dear hands . . .

Tender as winds that blow—  
They call to me across the sands  
Across the pale wild prairie lands,  
For once they were my own  
To clasp and fondle and entwine  
With mine . . .

Pink-petalled finger tips!  
Flowers to my lips—  
Sweet violet veins that trace  
And keep the pressure of a lost embrace.  
They were such white hands  
Pale as the new-fallen snow on winter lands—  
Dear hands of my delight,  
They summon me throughout the moonless  
night—  
Across the desolate prairie lands—  
Dear hands . . .

“I SHALL NOT COUNT MY HOURS”

I SHALL not count my hours ill spent  
If I but knew the years  
Had brought me wonder in my heart  
My toll of joy or tears.

If in some twilit hour the touch  
Of Beauty had been mine,  
As when a first star in the west  
Begins to shine.

If in some moment memorable  
Of song, or ecstasy,  
I knew for once that Loveliness  
Had dwelt with me!



## JAPANESE GIRL

**H**ER eyes a cool  
Mountain pool  
Shaded by ivied walls  
When twilight falls . . .

Her gaze—  
Wistful as Autumn days  
When leaves fly  
Golden into the sky.

Her words—  
Soft-toned as the birds  
Nesting there  
In the evening air.

Her heart that glows  
Like the petals of a rose  
Pierced by a butterfly wing  
In Spring.

THE DAYS GONE BY  
(RONDEAU)

THE days gone by . . . they were so very  
sweet

I wonder if my spirit-self will meet  
Them resurrected in the world to be,  
That vast, beneficent Eternity  
Where all things lovely pass to when they  
die—

Dear days gone by . . .

Tears never touched their loveliness,—they  
were

Like fragrant flowers the cruel winds could  
not stir

Nor can time dim their fairness for they  
seem

Still golden to me in my memory-dream.

O petalled hours your beauty cannot die—

Dear days gone by . . .

They were so perfect that God deemed it wise  
To take them from me. But their ghosts  
arise

And moan like plaintive children for caress.

So lulled into a phantom happiness

I fold them to me when I hear their cry—

Dear days gone by . . .

## A DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER

**M**ANY have loved me, but none, dear, as  
you.

Youth brought me beauty and happiness, too,  
Moments of splendour and skies that were  
blue,

But never a love half so tender and true—

Many have loved me but none, dear, as you!

Many I loved with the years, Mother Mine,  
O I have tasted of earth's richest wine,  
I have plucked pleasure like fruit from the  
vine

But only the joy that you brought was  
divine—

Many I loved with the years, Mother Mine!

Many have loved me but none have as you,  
None who could comfort and cheer me anew,  
None who forgave me and wept for me too,  
None who my heart's secret sufferings  
knew—

Many have loved me, but none have as  
you . . .

O Mother my Mother, when you are no more  
To whom shall I go with my tears running  
o'er,

Whose voice will give courage, whose aid I  
implore,

Whose breast will have shelter, whose love  
will restore—

O Mother my Mother, when you are no  
more . . .

O TEMPO . . .

WHEN Love first came  
    She was tenderness and light.  
But now she is a cruel flame  
    That burns in the night . . .

When Love first came  
    She was glad April air  
But now she is a cruel flame  
    That follows everywhere.

## REFUGE

I CAME from the City  
My heart was filled with pain.  
I walked in the meadow  
And heard the wind again.

I saw the moon rise  
Golden, through the trees,  
And I said, "Thank God  
For all of these."

I watched the stars shine  
And night tremulous start.  
Then a great peace came  
And I knew that Grief had left my heart.

## SONG OF THE WEARY TRAVELER

I AM weary. I would rest  
On the wide earth's loving breast  
Nurtured by the gentle sun  
Where the little streamlets run,  
Soothed by all the winds that pass,  
Hearing voices in the grass  
Of the little insect things  
Happier than the mightiest kings.

I am weary. I would sleep  
In some quiet perfumed deep,  
Where no human touch could bring  
Tears to me or anything.  
There I would forget to weep  
And my silent cloister keep;  
There I would the earth embrace  
Meeting Beauty face to face . . .

I am weary. I would go  
Where the fields are all aglow,  
Where the violets scent the air,  
Far from man and his despair,  
Far from longing and delight  
Through the endless starry night;  
There I would forget to weep  
And my silent cloister keep . . .

## STORM

COOL and fresh the rain falls  
    On the parchéd air;  
Far in the west  
    The sky breaks fair.

Like a giant gun's roar  
    Is the thunder's boom;  
Lightning traces jagged ghosts  
    Through the gloom.

Frightened, all the flowers  
    Hide their heads away.  
And I think of one who died  
    A year ago today. . . .

JOYCE KILMER

FALLEN IN ACTION, AUG. 2, 1919

HE walked in beauty through the crowded  
throng,  
A minstrel, singing in his youthful hours,  
His vision full of sunshine and of flowers,  
His melody that filled the earth with song.

Beloved of all mankind, father and friend  
He went the way of those amongst the brave  
Fearless, undaunted to the last . . . his  
grave  
Pure spirit proud to meet its honored end!

Extol his valour, Earth! Let all revere  
The memory of his song and lofty ways;  
So men may grow in wisdom through his  
praise  
And life be sweeter since we knew him here.

He walked in beauty through the passing  
years,  
And now is fallen where the mighty lie.  
We will not weep for him, for those who die  
In battle are too noble for our tears!



## FLOWER SHOW

AN arc of flowers limned against the  
sky . . .

Lavender, pink and blue,  
Crimson, amber hue,  
As some bright rainbow shimmering on  
high . . .

The perfume of a thousand blossoms rare,  
Heliotrope and rose,  
Mignonette, golden-glows,  
Drenching with beauty all the summer air!

Children's faces smiling with delight . . .  
And colored ribbons fluttering.  
Asters and hollyhocks that bring  
Vistas of moonlit gardens in the night. . . .

Color and perfume—glint of swaying  
flower . . .  
On marble pillars twined  
Alyssium, crimson vined  
Rapture of roses,—this is Beauty's hour!

## LET SPRING RECALL

**I**T seems that he must come to me again  
When tulips raise their heads and when  
the rain

Is sweet with lilac-scent. How could I bear  
To seek and find his face not anywhere  
Amid the fragrance of the April air?

It seems that I must find him in the green,  
Hid in some sparkling spot, waiting unseen,  
His dear eyes smiling,—startled with de-  
light,  
His beauty like a moon-star in the night.

It seems that he must once again return . . .  
Just once since all the flowering meadows  
burn

With sudden sun,—now when the linnets  
sing

Their fairy love-notes, harbinger of Spring,  
And when God's touch illumines everything!

It seems that he must come . . . or he must  
hear

In Flanders' fields, the voice of Spring draw  
near. . . .

## THE TRANSPORT SAILS

**H**OW quiet is the house  
    Since he is gone . . .  
How still the twilight falls,  
    How pale the dawn.

Each leaf that stirs  
    At my window-pane  
I start up and say:  
    “He is come again!”

But the silent hours  
    One by one pass by;  
And he does not hear  
    My lonely cry . . .

Through the long nights  
    I watch and pray . . .  
God, will you bring him back  
    To me some day?

## I DID NOT WEEP

DEAR, when you died,  
And like one in a dream  
I stood beside  
The quiet wonder of your tomb,  
And saw your eyes  
Closed like young violets in sleep—  
I did not weep . . .  
But said: "How sweet she lies,  
Her body beautiful with bloom,  
Her lips still keep  
The kisses that I gave her when she died."

“ONLY IN THE SONGS I SING”

ONLY in the songs I sing  
Beauty captive is.  
My heart's a bird on broken wing  
Barren but of this:

Song—the breathless ecstasy,  
Song, the perfect lyre,  
Song, which has revealed to me  
Beauty's singing fire . . .

Life is sun and shadow,  
Joy an endless quest,  
Only in the songs I sing  
Is my heart at rest!

## "EARTH TREMBLES WAITING"

I WAIT for his footfall,  
Eager, afraid,  
Each evening hour  
When the lights fade. . . .

I wait for his voice  
To speak low to me—  
As a mariner lost  
Dreams of harbor, at sea. . . .

I wait for his lips  
When the dusk falls.  
Life holds my longing  
Behind dark walls.

I wait for his face—  
As after rain  
Earth trembles waiting  
For the sun again. . . .

“MY LOVE IS COMING BACK TODAY”

MY Love is coming back today  
    To light my heart anew,  
And laurel on the mountain blooms  
    And oh, the sky is blue,—

The hills are garlanded in green  
    The larks are singing clear  
Such rapture that I know, I know  
    My Love is drawing near!

The birch trees bend in homage,  
    The iris' breathless glows,  
O tremulous the moments  
    My heart rejoicing, knows.

My Love is coming back today  
    And oh, the earth is fair—  
New Beauty is on field and hill  
    New wonder on the air!

“ALL PATHS LEAD TO YOU”

ALL paths lead to you  
Where e'er I stray,  
You are the evening star  
At the end of day.

All paths lead to you  
Hill-top or low,  
You are the white birch  
In the sun's glow.

All paths lead to you  
Where e'er I roam.  
You are the lark-song  
Calling me home!



## MARRIAGE

YOUR heart and my heart, ever one, as  
trees

Intertwined in April in the scented breeze,  
Root and bough united in a sacred pact,  
O what joy and wonder in this golden fact!

Your life and my life . . . flowing as a  
stream

Storm cannot turn it, in its gliding dream,  
Shoals cannot daunt it or darkness apall  
Deep is the tidal flood sweeping over all!

Your love and my love . . . like a meteor's  
flight—

Wonderful the glory through the summer  
night,  
Peace in the splendour, beauty in the flower  
Body and spirit—one this hour . . .

July 30, 1921.

## BUTTERFLIES

THE calm sorrow of your face  
Summons me,  
And my heart waits tremulous  
As the wings  
Of a swallow . . .

Diaphanous, roseate,  
Floating before us  
Butterflies . . . butterflies—  
Vibrations of the great Unknown.

## ARES LUDOVISI

**I**N a field of summer wheat,  
Golden as the sheaves—  
I saw him standing under the sky . . .

The birds ceased singing,  
And the wind paused  
Breathless with beauty.

The sun paled in the heavens,  
And day trembled  
At so much loveliness.

Like a Delphic marble  
He stood, spirit of immortal beauty,  
Naked amid the wheat sheaves . . .

## MAGICO . . .

*“As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman.  
Tho’ still she bend him, she obeys him.  
Tho’ still she draws him, still she follows—  
Useless each without the other.”*

—Longfellow.

*“Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou  
lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my  
people, and thy God my God: where thou diest,  
will I die . . .”*

—Book of Ruth.

## MAGICO . . .

What is this strangeness within me . . .  
This miracle which has befallen me,  
This divine urge of my being toward you,  
This succulent sweet painful brooding something  
Which draws me ever unto you?  
Like the tide of a powerful current  
It holds, compels, hastens me to you  
No matter where I am nor what I am doing,  
No matter where you are nor what space is  
between us  
Always I must follow you, follow you, follow  
you  
Like a hound on a leash, driven, hunted and  
smarting  
Into your presence . . .

There is no other way . . .  
I have tried everything,—  
And it has availed me naught,  
For I must follow you wherever you are,  
Though you are not stronger, nor wiser than  
other men.  
It is like pursuing myself when I go after  
you,  
For when I am away from you—  
It is as if I had been severed from part of  
myself!

Is it true then, perhaps you are myself,  
My only real self I reclaim when loving you.  
When you soothe this ache of your absence  
By your mouth on my mouth and your breast  
on my breast.

It is more than love, this strangeness I feel  
for you,  
And it will die only when I die,—not before;  
For it is not of the body nor only of the  
brain, but both intermixed and en-  
mingled—  
A cloud of flame that envelops me  
When I am apart from you, and cannot touch  
you!

So always I must follow you. . . .  
Spirit! Flesh! Child! Sister! Lover, whatever  
you are to me,  
All things in one, yet Master and Comforter,  
Beautiful body I love—  
Divine maybe you are, or only the image of  
my own soul,  
Blown to me out of the dust of Eternity . . .

## CHOICE

**G**LAD gifts life brought me—  
Bright things and fair,  
Yet not for these  
Did my heart care . . .

But for you, my beloved,  
(O heart's rich gain!)  
Sweet were the tears I shed  
Dear was the pain!

## PYRE

I BRING you the burden of my longing.  
I am a wanderer without drink  
And you are the pool of water  
In the desert of my desire.

I bring you the burden of my love . . .  
It has waited long—  
(And there is no crucifixion like waiting)  
It shall cover you—  
It shall be the girdle of flame about you,  
It shall be the pyre  
Whereon we shall perish!



## FIRELIGHT

**I**N the firelight  
Your face was as beautiful  
As a Greek cameo  
Carved chrysophrase and amber,  
Jade and amethyst  
Like the colors of a bird's wing  
In flight . . .

In the firelight  
You were as beautiful  
As a Tanagra figure  
In the fields of Hellas—  
Ruddy golden-brown  
And shaded vermilion  
Melting into rose.

In the firelight  
With the elm boughs glistening  
At the window,  
And the thrushes  
Whistling in the branches—  
You were beautiful  
As some fabled god of Attica,  
Poised for conquest  
On a shimmering isle  
Where the waves of Salamis  
Sing in splendour . . .

## DORIC

**I** GAZE upon you  
White as a pillar of ivory,  
Your limbs supple and firm  
Your arms rounded and soft,  
Your feet fragrant and cool  
Like curved shells.  
Your lips like ripe fruit,  
Your laughter like the warbling of birds,  
Your hair like tawny meadow grass,  
Your youth glorious and golden  
As a Doric column by the sea . . .

## GOBLET

**I**T is night and I am alone . . .  
The wind moans in the lattice.

When will be poured for me  
The living goblet of your mouth  
Sweeter to me  
Than the waters of a mountain pool?

## BIRDS

**Y**OU are  
As a million birds  
That sing unto my heart, Beloved.

I am enveloped in harmony celestial.  
No sea-melody  
Has the music of my being.

You are  
As a million birds  
That sing unto my heart, Beloved . . .

## TEMPEST

**I** SHALL be the midnight storm  
Sweeping like tempest . . .  
Your mouth  
A scarlet poppy  
Sucked in the wind . . .

## FRAGRANCE

**W**HEN the young moon hangs like a golden  
feather in the sky

The night is ours.

We shall go to the forest

And wander in the shadow of the pines.

I shall cover you with leaves

And the fragrance of you

Will be sweeter to me

Than the perfume of a thousand roses . . .

## WHITE BIRCH

COME with me, Beloved.

We shall go to the meadows  
And lie beneath the willow trees  
And I will make for you a crown of daisies  
Strewing at your feet asphodel and roses.

Come with me, Beloved.

We will walk beside amber streams  
And I will take you deep in the eddies of a  
    pool  
And your thighs  
Will be a white birch  
Rising out of the water . . .

## BECAUSE OF YOU

**B**ECAUSE of you I am glad of the day  
Like a bird on lifted wing;  
Because of you my heart holds May  
And the hue of a new-born spring .

Because of you the sky takes light,  
And earth has the face of a flower;  
Because of you the ebon night  
Is starred with rainbow-shower.

Because of you the fragrant sod  
Glow with a beauty divine,  
Because of you I have looked on God,—  
He spoke since you were mine. . . .



## MOONSTONE

**I** HOLD your face between my hands  
Shimmering like a moonstone.  
Through my fingers  
Filters the pure gold of your hair.  
Your eyes are languid  
Like a bird's after long flight,  
And your throat is as fragrant as a white  
rose.

## LILIES

**Y**OUR arms are white lilies  
Encircling me.

There is the sound  
Of singing waters  
And the flash  
Of dazzling lightning.

O miracle of Love—  
My divinity and my crucifixion.

## NENUPHAR

**Y**OU are a white nenuphar  
Lifting its snowy bosom amid stream.  
In you are the treasures of Elysium  
The scent of your skin is like jasmine and  
honeysuckle.

Why is such loveliness not mine, Beloved?  
When may I look upon you and say:  
“Behold! all this beauty is mine forever!”

## RAIN

**I**T rains.

The dripping of the rain is like the cool  
kisses of your mouth.

Cover me with kisses  
Even as I would be immersed  
In the coursing torrents  
Of the rain . . .

## SKEIN

**L**ET me enfold you in my hair.  
Let me wind you in a golden skein  
Shimmering . . .

Give me your curvéd throat,  
(White like the calyx of a moon-flower)  
That I may twine about you  
The glossy fillets of my hair.  
Let it shower about you,  
Rippling over you  
Like teasing wind . . .

Then give me your lips—  
That we may stand united  
As two trees with but one single root . . .

## MIRROR

**W**E were walking by a swift river.  
The boughs of the willows were golden  
above us,  
And the new green of the meadows,  
Was not greener than your strange eyes  
Full of flight  
As a bird's spread wings over sunny pastures.

"Beloved," you said,  
As we watched the sunset lights on the river,  
"We are like two beings  
Born of one womb."

(In your eyes I saw my image  
Mirrored like sudden fire . . .)

## AMOR SILENTIUM

**L**OVE me, O Beloved, not with laughter,  
                    song or flowers  
But with your silence and your tears. . . .

Lie in my arms as a child in the arms of a  
                    mother  
So my tenderness shall penetrate you . . .

Love me, O Beloved, not with laughter, song  
                    of flowers  
But with your silence and your tears.

## EXALTATION

“L’amour est l’élan vers l’inconnue étendue à  
la folie.” —Pascal,

I SING with the wind,  
I laugh with the sun,  
I am the first star  
When day is done.

I soar with the bird,  
I pulse with the tree,  
My soul is the cloud—  
I love . . . I am free!



## ENIGMA

I LIE in your arms . . .  
The night is cool,  
And under the stars  
Your face is calm  
Yet why do you seem  
Stranger to me than any stranger . . .

Is it to you that I have given  
Myself utterly . . .  
Is it upon this white breast  
That I have lain moaning with love  
Through the long numberless nights  
Of my youth . . .

I lie in your arms . . .  
And under the stars  
Your face is calm.  
Even so  
Shall it always be—  
For we shall always be strangers to each  
other.

YOU WHOM I LOVE TODAY . . .

I KNOW that you whom I love today  
Will sometime pass out of my life,  
And all this joy and laughter—  
This love that lights my heart  
Will be no more.  
And I shall be left lonely  
As all women . . .

I know that the glory of this dream  
Which came like the breath of dawn—  
All this bloom and beauty  
As of a thousand springs,  
This gladness of meeting lips  
And this great calm of the spirit  
Cannot last forever . . .

I know that some day I shall walk alone  
Looking with eyes that cannot weep  
Upon the future desolate . . .

## HERMES

WHEN I left you—

And April sprang in the meadows  
Misty and golden,

Your face that leaned to mine

Awaiting my kisses

With anguish piteous, pallid,

Looked like the white browed Hermes

Compassionate, wondering, tearless . . .

## SURFEIT

**I** AM weary of your love  
As one wearies of too bright sunlight.  
And I dream of quiet spaces  
Where only shadows are.

I am weary of your love  
As one wearies of summer gardens  
Burning in splendour  
By the sea . . .

I am weary of your love  
As one wearies of cloying sweets  
In honeytime.  
(And I dream of some cold desert of the  
moon.)

## RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think on you. For you are gone  
    Into the unfeatured past as any bird  
    That southward soars when autumn frosts  
        are stirred.

But when the spent dark nestles in the dawn  
And I lie sleepless with my curtains wide,  
    Then comes your loveliness in phantom  
        guise

    With hands outstretched and lonely seek-  
        ing eyes  
Proffering the beauty that our lives  
    denied . . .

Can I forget you in Eternity?

    For everywhere within this world of pain  
    Does your sweet image come to me again

Like a sudden moon upon a cloud-gray sea . . .

    And when I cry, "Go from me," your dear  
        face

    Bends to me and you fold me in embrace.

## REVELATION

YOU opened wide the portals of my soul  
And Beauty entered like a stately  
guest

Clad in ethereal splendour, with her breast  
Bathed in transcendent flame from some far  
goal.

Before me vistas of fair climes unroll,  
Glory unknown and calm, inviolate,  
Pure wingéd joy, too sweet to contemplate,  
And loveliness breathed from an azure shoal.

Freed of all mortal pain I pass alone  
Like some pale dawn-star in the embered  
west,

By all the winds of heavenly harmony blown.  
For in that hour above all others blest  
You brought me, as the voice of God that  
nears,

The commiserating ecstasy of tears . . .

# SONNETS





## PEACE SPREAD YOUR WINGS

PEACE spread your wings about my rest-  
less heart

And prove me you are not a misty sprite—  
A vision of loveliness that flies by night  
And dwells forever from my life apart!  
Nay, take me—fold me in your soft embrace  
And calm me with your overflowing sweet  
So I may nevermore Vexation meet  
And sheltered lie beneath your holy face . . .

O I would be your nursling evermore,  
Hiding within your bosom of content  
Forever from the world in banishment,  
With Care and Sorrow but a sealéd door,  
Descend O Peace, envelope me in ease,  
As starlight rests on quiet summer seas . . .

## THE MIRACLE

**L**ET me be thankful for the flaming day  
The noon that burns to splendour  
when I hear

The feet of Beauty passing on her way,  
The voice of Beauty as she trembles near—  
Sweet silvery wraith, my hope and my despair!

Man's path is but a pilgrimage of need  
Seeking the ultimate star, the hidden lair;  
And when he falters let him deeply heed—  
Let him remember Life, the miracle . . .

The rose of evening faint against the sky,  
The slow moon's glory risen in the dell,  
First love, or children's laughter floating  
by,

The sweep of sudden wind amongst the trees.  
Let me be thankful, Lord, for all of these!

## MY LITTLE SELF

MY little self that struggles through  
earth's space

Passing from light to dark, from mist to  
clear,

Conscious of need, and yearning for God's  
grace,

Possessed of titan hope and puny fear,  
So arrogant with pride, so weak in pain,

A prey to sudden tears and strange delight  
Pursuing phantom loveliness in vain—

What am I? . . . Only a starfall thro' the  
night,

The passage of a gleaming stellar flame

That soars its little hour and then expires  
Drowned by eternal dark from which it  
came—

Sunk in a sea of its own frail desires,  
Knowing not why it came nor whither gone—

A shuddering ray against the pallid dawn.

## MOURN NOT FOR ME

“Mors janua vitae.”—Horace

**M**OURN not for me when I am gone away,  
Nor shed sad tears that I should be  
alone

Beneath the meadows where the flowers  
are grown,  
Where all is silence and there is no day.  
Do not lament me, nor with sorrow say:  
“Now she is gone, oh, greatly must we  
weep.”

For wrapped in my interminable sleep  
There will be no sharp, quivering breeze of  
May  
Nor blossom-stir, nor sight of things too  
fair—

(A twilit pluméd red-bird on the wing)  
To trouble my long tranquil slumbering . . .  
Yea, I shall be at rest who had to bear  
Beauty too keen and pain that had no  
end . . .  
Earth will have taken me again to  
friend . . .

## I HAVE LOVED QUIET

I HAVE loved quiet in a leafy glade  
Where boughs embrace above a flowering way,  
Deep amber pools at sunset where the  
stray  
Soft twilight colors stain the willow shade,  
And woodlands where sweet silence dwells.  
O vain  
Is all the clamor of the human throng,  
For beauty visits in the halcyon long  
Still voiceless hours, which soothe a spirit's  
pain.  
O I have ever loved the silent space  
On mountain-top where man has never  
trod—  
The lofty summits green and near to God  
Where mighty pines their giant shadows  
trace.  
Yea, I have found in silence sanctuary  
As running rivers mingle with the sea!

## SERENE

O LET me meet my days with quiet grace  
Unshrinking in the battle as a youth  
Who bears within his heart a torch of  
truth

And fearless goes to meet death face to  
face . . .

So would I, in the long and still embrace  
Of Time, go onward with a heart serene  
Mindful of beauty and the High Unseen,  
Watchful of love and kindness and my place  
Here in this world,—a little shining space  
Betwixt two isles, earth and eternity  
Wherein at last all things are known to  
me . . .

O let me meet my days with quiet grace  
So all who gaze on me may truly say:  
“Lo, there is one who walked in Beauty’s  
way!”

## FRANCE REARISEN

“Andre Tardieu has given us a picture of inexhaustible France.”—Daily News Item.

**F**RANCE rearisen! Hail to a martyred  
land,

Once ravaged by the German cannon flame,  
When but a year ago the gray hordes came  
Sweeping in millions like a demon band  
Across the flowering fields, till God's own  
hand

Quelled their immense and ominous advance!

O pillaged homes! O ruined towns of  
France,

O fallen shrines! O devastated strand  
The barbarous multitudes so cruelly  
planned—

You are unchanged! your splendour has  
not died—

The spirit's luminance no power can hide,  
Beauty unconquerable, thro' ages spanned  
Whose noble strength we hail, O glorious  
land—

France rearisen in her august pride!

## I HAVE LOVED BEAUTY

**I** HAVE loved beauty ; as a deer at bay  
Exults in freedom, in the white birch-  
shade,  
Darting before the sunset-spears, afraid  
Lest mighty huntsmen make his breast their  
prey.  
Yea, I have gone the far untrodden way,  
Seeking forever loveliness as mine  
Amid the music of the mountain pine,  
Amid the paths of sumach where the stray  
Wild woodlands held the fragrance of the  
sod  
And silence was a benediction sweet.  
O I have followed the wind's flying feet  
Unto the throne of beauty which was God  
Finding in some still starry hour apart  
The voice of wonder singing in my heart!



## GIFTS

**F**OR these I shall be thankful on this day:  
    Warm spreading sun and flowers that  
        brightly bloom,  
    The breath of scented Springtime in my  
        room,  
The radiant sky of blue above my way,  
Swift winds that sweep the clouds across the  
    bay  
    And sounds that pulse the earth with sud-  
        den song—  
    Peepers and whippoorwills, and birds, whose  
        long  
Sweet notes spill golden harmonies of May!  
These but the symbol of a greater thing—  
    The warm blood in my veins, the eager  
        heart  
    Which at each touch of loveliness feels  
        start  
A quickened rapture singing with the Spring.  
Oh, above all intensely shall I prize  
    The Gift of Life, supreme, through  
        Beauty's eyes!

## CLEMENCEAU'S HOME—STAMFORD

O NOBLE son of France, upon this soil  
Your footsteps trod in true humility;  
Your voice once echoed down this flowery  
lea

Memorial of the hands of Pilgrim toil.

Yea, on this spot where June her beauty  
yields

The richness of your spirit came to birth,  
Before War's hoary monster shook the earth,  
Before the blood of millions stained the fields.  
Oh, honored we, who knew your storied mind  
And touched its treasures, e'er that hour  
should be

When, master of the whole world's destiny,  
Your clarion tones a righteous Peace defined  
That centuries might Justice know, and  
praise

A deathless wisdom imaged in God's ways!

EDWIN MARKHAM

**D**EEP-BROWED and resolute, he stands  
apart

Like some great monarch mountain in the  
snow

One with the mystery of the winds that  
blow,

His soul alit with wonder, and his heart  
Rich with deep human love—the counterpart  
Of all earth's grandeur, kindred of the sun  
When light mounts heavenward as day is  
done.

Resplendent spirit, whose mighty voice did  
start

Throbbing throughout the world an Attic  
spring—

Not Pan with a reed, but Triton with his  
horn

Tiptoe upon the rosy sands of morn,  
Shattering the air with glorious trumpeting!  
So does he stand majestic and apart  
With Beauty singing ever in his heart.

## A MOTHER TO HER SON

YOU are the star that guides me in the  
night

When Winter chills my heart and when the  
Spring

Is vanished, and the robins no more  
sing . . .

Oh, then in silence do I seek the light

Your presence sheds, and ~~walk~~ within the  
white

Sweet alleys of your smile. O son of mine

You are the little moment of divine

That God has given me for my delight.

Deep is the comfort of your tiny hand

When soft it lies upon my weary heart,

When soft your kisses fall upon the smart

Where pain has been. Your love is fairyland

Wherein I dwell serene and glad to be

The idol of your boyhood's constancy!

## FINIS

**T**HERE is so much sorrow,  
    And I am tired  
Of everything  
    That I desired . . .

I would like a little niche  
    In green, green wall,  
And sleep would be  
    The end of all. . . .

## DEDICATION

(for Donald)

YOU speak contentment to my weary heart  
Like stars at twilight when the flaming day

Far in the west is paling into gray,  
And when the homing birds in silence dart  
Into the sheltering woods as chill winds start.

Yea, when I look upon your beauty near  
I am serene and comforted of fear  
For sorrow leaves me with its aching smart,  
And earth with music fills, and gentle peace  
Enfolds me like a vision of divine,  
And loveliness becomes forever mine  
In these calm hours of consummate release.

No more shall I in lonely seeking roam  
But find in you my spirit's tranquil home!







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